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Judge

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WAITING.

After eight years of forced retirement, Grover, the heavy Democratic tragedian, is anxiously awaiting his call.

Judge

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NOW from the dusty chrysalis the baseball player pops in bliss, while in the pool the gamin swims; along the green the swallow skims; the violets in beauty blow and point the way the shekels go. The trout leaps fiercely for the hook; the tadpole wriggles in the brook. No more the tennis-bat we see a-hanging on the willow-tree, for now it sends the ball, alas, alack! across the twinkling grass. The heifer kicks with joy indeed, and romps around the dewy mead. The bluebird in the larch is seen, the bullfrog flaunts his tambourine; and from Be-ersheba to Dan the circus-poster, spick and span, quite arabesques and filigrees the wayside barn, and by degrees we fancy, while we jump and cheer, that spring, the dear old girl, is here.

* * *

WHEN IT COMES to a question of territorial expansion Russia may be safely calculated upon as having a perpetual cast-iron appetite equal to that of any wolf that ever caracoled along the rim of her coldest snowdrift. Russia is a firm believer in and a vigorous champion of the reaching-out and gathering-in principle, and if she could but have her imperial way the bear would stretch and spread himself from China to Great Britain and back again, and thereby cover Asia and Europe. It is pleasant to reflect on the fact that the Russian bear can never be spread out in this fashion unless it be as a rug. Be this as it may, the gaunt quadruped is quite as much under foot to-day as the navy for which he stands is under water. And the Jap is still camping on his trail and making him anything but happy. It therefore does not look as if the map of Russia is likely to do any material spreading out at the present stage of the game. It is quite possible, on the contrary, that it may be compelled to shrink, after the manner of the all-wool undershirt of commerce, that will cover a giant to-day and a baseball to-morrow. If the bear could but stretch his anatomy as he stretches his elastic imagination, Europe and Asia would be one and his. Knowing and appreciating this fact, as every intelligent person does, it is not at all remarkable that the world is wreathed in smiles. Because the world sees the way the war is going, which is not Russia's, but the right way. We trust that it may continue to go in the same direction until the Japanese triumph is as pronounced as the Russian generals' names are unpronounceable, and the bear has been humbled and brought down to the level of his stuffed brother, that stands like a wooden Indian before a cigar-store.

* * *

THE PRINCETON PERI, sometimes known as Grover Cleveland, seems to be sorely perturbed and perplexed, while viewing with alarm, of course, the general attitude of his party toward him. His face is cob-webbed with the long-drawn lines that prove beyond all cavil that the oleaginous oracle is most deeply and sincerely in sympathy with himself. When we read between the aforesaid facial lines it is not difficult to arrive at the painful conclusion that there is a wild, mysterious something that does not set well on the old gentleman's mental stomach. His thoughts, be they forebodings of the direst kind, or be they the rosiest of gilt-edged fancies, the fact remains, and must remain, that they will neither digest nor assimilate, and consequently the pensive prophet is quite undone and at odds with the fate with whose propitious smile he is not gilded to any great or alarming extent. To the lay mind he seems to be in need of one thing only—a good, solid dose or two of calomel, calculated to restore him to his usual condition of friskiness and to put him in fine trim to skip an airy saraband of joy to the lyric gurgle of the Princeton bluebirds. But the student of affairs who is not a political expert knows full well that Mr. Cleveland's expression of dismay, not to say lostness, is brought about by the unnatural physical strain he has put upon himself in an effort to ascertain whether or not his party is calling him. He has been listening long and hard and with a patience that is simply beautiful. In his attitude, which is one that savors of a divine despair, there is a subtle beauty that glorifies and kalsomines Mr. Cleveland from head to foot, including his sartorial trappings, through which the winds have been discoursing weird and ghostly melodies for the last eight years. He has been out in the political cold all this time, and he naturally lifts his voice in lamentation and supplication, for he would come in and enjoy the genial glow of the rosy hearth, and come in on the fly, if his party would but call him. His ears are open, and his hands are wrapped about them like funnels, for he is anxious, even to the verge of despair, for the blare of the Democratic bazoo to fall upon his chaste and gentle spirit and lift him into the beautiful realm that is known only to the winner of the presidential nomination.

WOULD MAKE GOOD USE OF IT.

LADY—"I suppose if I gave you a dollar you would spend it for rum."

EMTEE BARRYL—"Not much, lady. I'd give it to Charley Schwab fer some uv his gilt-edged stocks, get rich on de dividends, an' leave you a fortune when I died."

POOR GIRL!

"Elsie, my dear, don't you think you will ever learn to love me?"
"Goodness, no! Papa says I'm too stupid to ever learn anything."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD.

Your witcheries so dainty
And precious and divine,
Unto your rare art wedded,
To make all rivals pine.

E'er constitute the ropeless
Lasso you gayly throw,
And make of us forever
A captive, don't you know.

BALLADE OF THE EASTER BONNET.

OH, WOMAN! when you pick your hat,
Which same you do with trembling glee,
Though it be high or low, or flat,
Or round or square—or if there be
No shape to it that one can see—
No matter what gay blossoms burst
Upon it in rich revelry,
You always pick the price-mark first.

It may be woven like a mat,
Or show the leaves of vine and tree;
May be designed for one who's fat,
Or one with skinny tendency;
Bright ribbons may be flaunting free,
Or in a meshy veil immersed;
But this great truth is known by me—
You always pick the price-mark first.

You say, "I do not care for that"
(The price-mark says "five forty-three"),
And with the milliner you chat
Until you find that you agree
On something priced "way up in G";
For milliners in tricks are versed—
To all your ways they hold this key:
You always pick the price-mark first.

L'ENVOI.

Princess or maid of low degree,
By this peculiar trait you're cursed:
To costliness you bend the knee—
You always pick the price-mark first.

W. D. NESBIT.

COMPARISON.

"WHAT beautiful roses!" exclaims the young woman, bending over the box which the young man has brought.

"I am glad you like them," he observed. "The florist says they are the pick of his lot."

"Why, they are simply charming! They look almost as real as the artificial ones Madame Trimmitt put on my new bonnet."

A SAD AWAKENING.

De Style—"He said his wife's Easter bonnet was a dream."
Gunbusta—"He did?"
De Style—"Yes; but when he got the bill it opened his eyes."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC SHRIEK.

Oh, the ball season 's open, and now on the fly
I observe the sphere whizzing along in the sky
As I shout with the "fans" and my thoughts caracole
While I reach for the "frankfurter" hid in a roll.

It's hurrah for the "Giants!" I shout all the time.
May the pennant be theirs when the mead 's lit with rime
And the leaf o'er the bleachers goes whirling care free
And the "frankfurter's" harp 's on the lone willow-tree!

ONE OF THESE EASTER SUNDAYS.

Little George (rushing in)—"Oh, mother"——

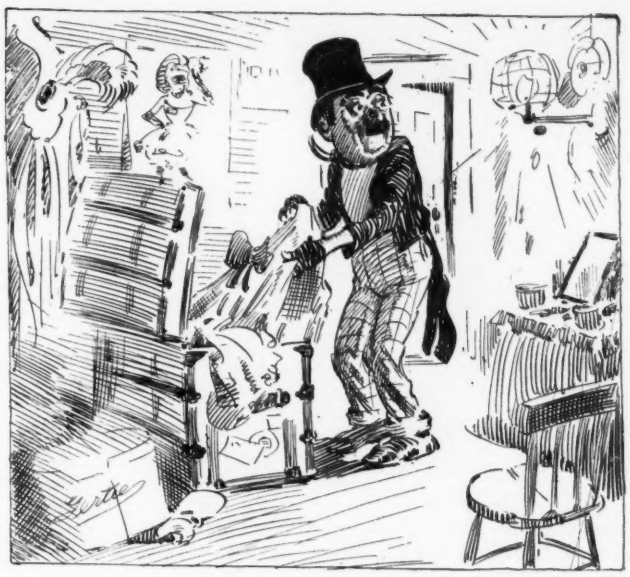
His mother (from the telephone)—"Hush! Take off your hat. I'm at church, and the minister has just announced his text."

SOMETHING FIERCE.

MR. JONES (*reading*)—"Another fierce engagement in the Philippines."
MRS. JONES—"What is it?"
MR. JONES—"School-teacher and army-officer."

1.

NERVY NAT—"There is no one about; I will go in here. At last I shall realize one of my pet ambitions and become an actor. I have certainly had many walking parts in my time, not to mention my long experience 'on the road.' I was cut out for an actor because I can go so long without eating."



2.

NERVY NAT—"This must be the leading lady's dressing-room. I couldn't find any of the he-actors' clothes, so I will just take a female role. I'm not fussy; I'll take any part that is left over. The show must be on, so I'll get into this and take my chances that I can dovetail in somewhere."

3.

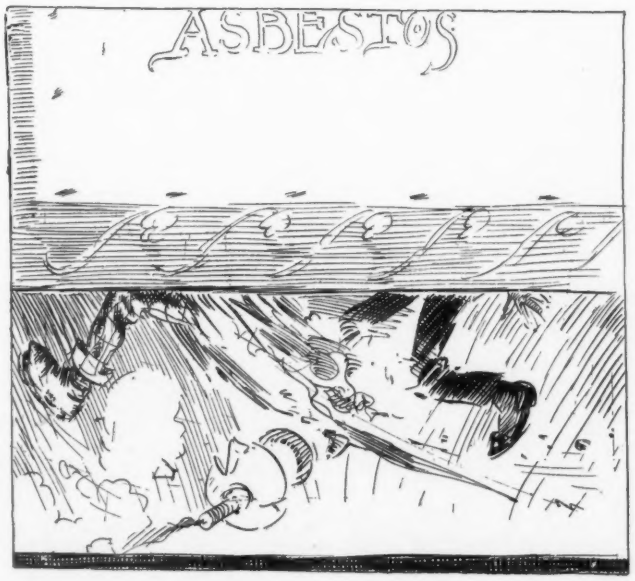
THE HERO—"If Claribel would only come back to me I would forgive her all for the sake of our chee-ild!"

NERVY NAT—"That's my cue. Isn't he a lovely piece of work? Any wife that could resist those soulful eyes is no lady. I will come back to him."

4.

NERVY NAT—"Lionel, I have come back at you! Take your erring Claribel to your pleated bosom for the sake of our little Ann! (By the way, how old is Ann now?) I have done you dirt, I know, but 'fergit it,' and I'll promise not to run away with another insurance man"——

THE HERO—"Curtain! curtain! *curtain!*"



5.

NERVY NAT—"Ouch! that is no way to treat your Claribel. You're no gentleman!"

6.

NERVY NAT—"Whew! don't ever tell me that the dramatic profession is a hot-bed of jealousy. Why, every member of this company has given me a boost!"

NO. 18.—NERVY NAT TURNS THESPIAN.

A MUSICAL CONFESSION.

I PLAY on the fiddle from morning till night,
To gather the touch that is airy and light;
I play to the daisies that bob to and fro
And seem to be dancing with rapture aglow.

I play, and the pussy-cats on the back fence
All caper about with a joy that's intense;
And spotted old Carlo, quite lost in his mirth,
Sits up and barks gayly for all he is worth.

Good friends, let me tell you that this is the way
I practice all night and I practice all day;
And when I can rattle the ragtime so sweet
That quick 'twill get into the wayfarer's feet

I'll go for a job on the Rockaway boat
And saw the four strings with my ringlets afloat,
And hear the folks shout, "He's a genius most rare!
Ye gods! and he hasn't chrysanthemum hair."

ESTIMATING HER.

"YOU are worth your weight in gold," declares the fond lover when he sees the fair one in her Easter finery.

"Do you mean that I am so extravagant in attire that my hat and gown bring my valuation up so high?" she smiled.

"No, no!" he assures her. "You are worth your weight in gold."

"But you do not know how heavy I am."

"'But love will find a weigh,'" he quotes; and she vows he is the grandest man that ever lived.

A "CLENCHED" HAND-OUT.

TRAMPING THORLEY—"Did yer git de hand-out ye expected uv de lady?"

MIRY SMOLLETT (*growling*)—"Naw! I got a hand-out I didn't expect, consistin' uv bones an' knuckles. Blamed if it wuzn't almost a knock-out."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MORGENSTERN—"Good-evening, Rosenstein. I see you've got your new clothing-factory started—the Rebecca Suit Company, you call it. Why did you name it after a woman?"

ROSENSTEIN—"For luck. It's the name of an old flame of mine."

QUID PRO QUO.

"ANOTHER fifty-dollar hat this spring?" asks the irate husband. "Why, you got one last year and only wore it once."

"What if I did?" asks the argumentative wife. "You only spent the fifty dollars once last spring, didn't you?"

BECAUSE.

BECAUSE his little wife cannot
Make hats like mother used to make,
Each spring he never fails to go
Dead broke like father used to break.

SOME HINTS.

IF YOU would twang a golden harp
Beyond this mortal sphere,
Oh, practice not on the cornet
While still you stay down here.

If you would walk the golden streets
Where blissful prospects please,
Strew not in gay and festive curves
Banana-peel on these.

If you would wear a halo there,
Your happy soul to cheer,
Don't kick about the Easter hat
Your wife will get this year.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

MADE HER CRY.

Mrs. Crawford—"This lovely Easter hat cost me only sixty-five dollars. Don't you think I look pretty in it?"

Crawford—"I'll bet that ninety-eight-cent lamp-shade you bought the other day would be just as becoming you."

ASSISTING BABY'S EDUCATION.

JOHNNIE—"Well, if the baby learns any new words mamma can't blame it on me."

HIS A-1 JOY.

AFTER all my day's labor I fly like a snipe
And take down from the cupboard my dandy clay pipe,
And I blow up the smoke-rings in time double quick
As I puff and I blow on the killikinick.

Oh, I see all the flowers that climb on a string,
And I see all the robins that chirp as they wing,
And I dream of the barge and the picnic the while
Round the pipe-stem I twist my gay bottle-green smile.

Oh, my pocket 's gold-lined and my head wears a crown
As I swing high my arms while I dance a breakdown;
And the secret of all my wild joy as I kick
May be found in my pipeful of killikinick.

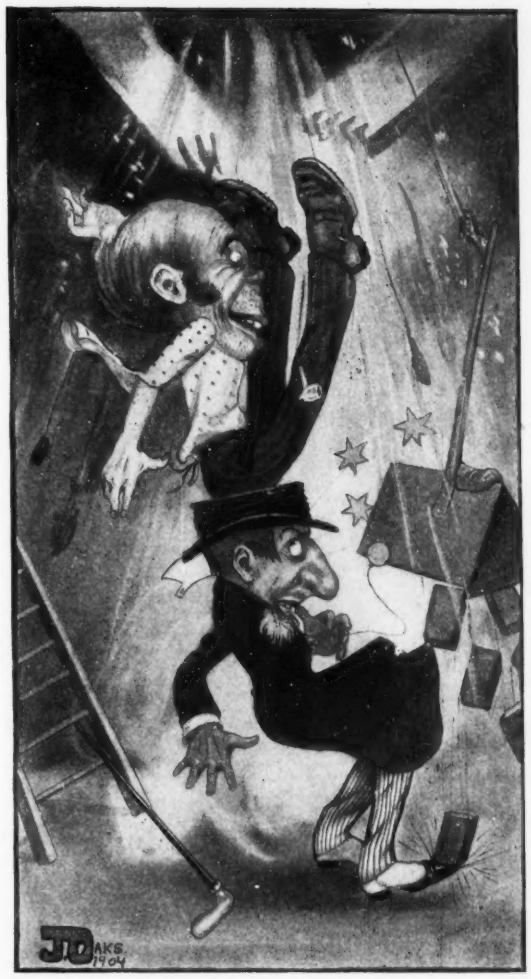
THE FUTURE.

THE husband sits in deep thought. In his hand is a huge book of philosophy. On the floor near his chair are other books, in which the world's great thinkers have set forth their views on the future life. Across the room, at a mirror, the wife is trying the effect of a new bonnet with her hair done in different styles.

"No," says the husband at last; "all these fellows are wrong about the next world."

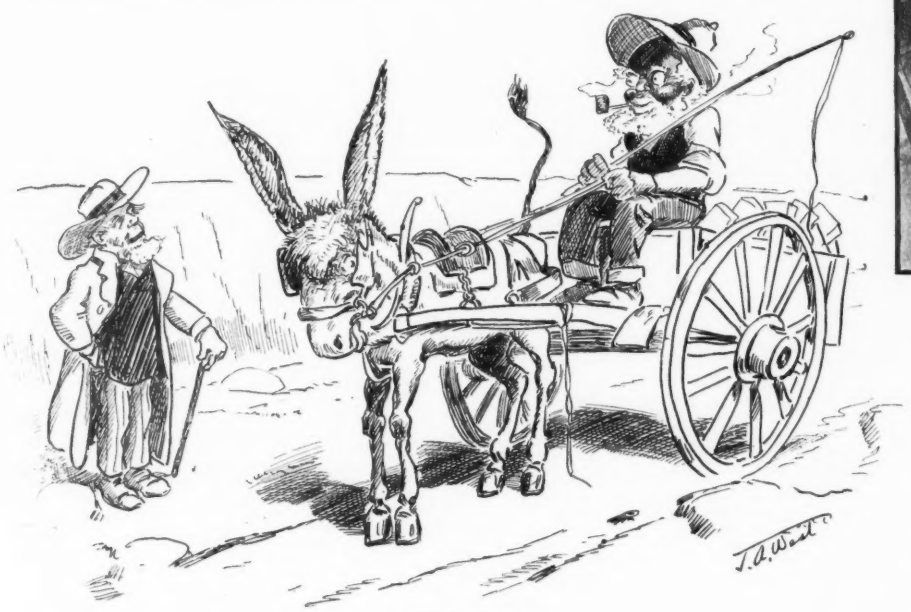
"What is it, Henry?" asks the wife.

"I have just decided that heaven is a place where women are always buying spring bonnets and the other place is a spot where the men are forever paying for them."



PROVEN!

"Hivin fergive me fer iver makin' th' shtatemint thot a dude wor no use in this wor-ruld!"



APPROPRIATE.

"Why do you call your mule 'Golf-ball,' uncle?"
"'Cause yo' hab ter hit him so blame hahd ter drive him enny distance, sah."

À LA MODE.

"IT IS unkind of you to say I may not have ruffles and frills, when they are in fashion," protests the wife.

The husband preserves a grim silence. Here the wife grows angrier still and gives him a large piece of her mind.

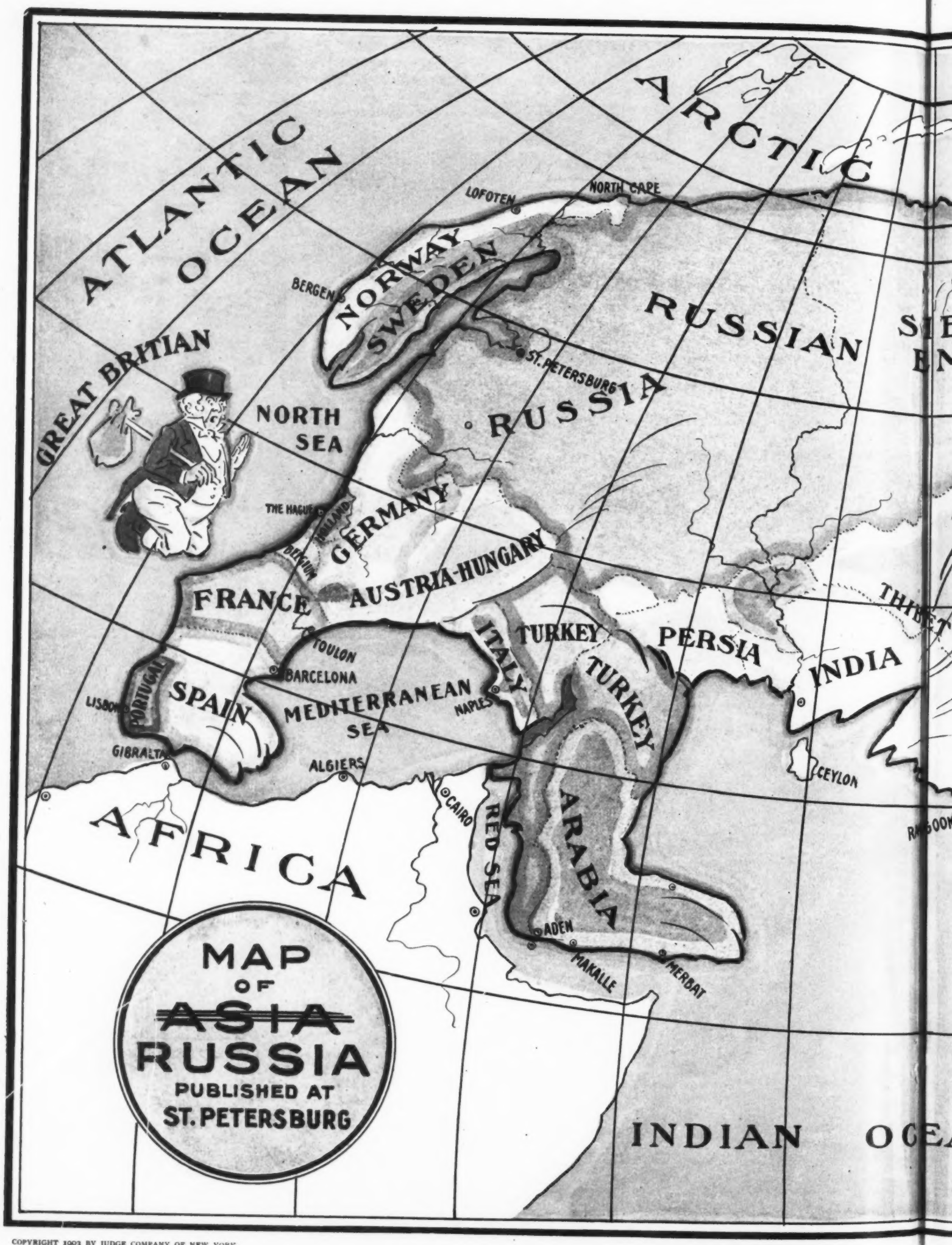
"It would not be becoming to you," argues the husband after she has paused for breath. "See how you look when even your temper is ruffled."

Then she basted him.

WHAT A WOMAN INTENDS TO DO WHEN SHE GETS MARRIED.

MRS. KNOWHAT—"Well, there is one thing certain—if I ever have children they'll behave themselves when we go visiting."

Seven years later. Mrs. Knowhat making a visit with her "model family."



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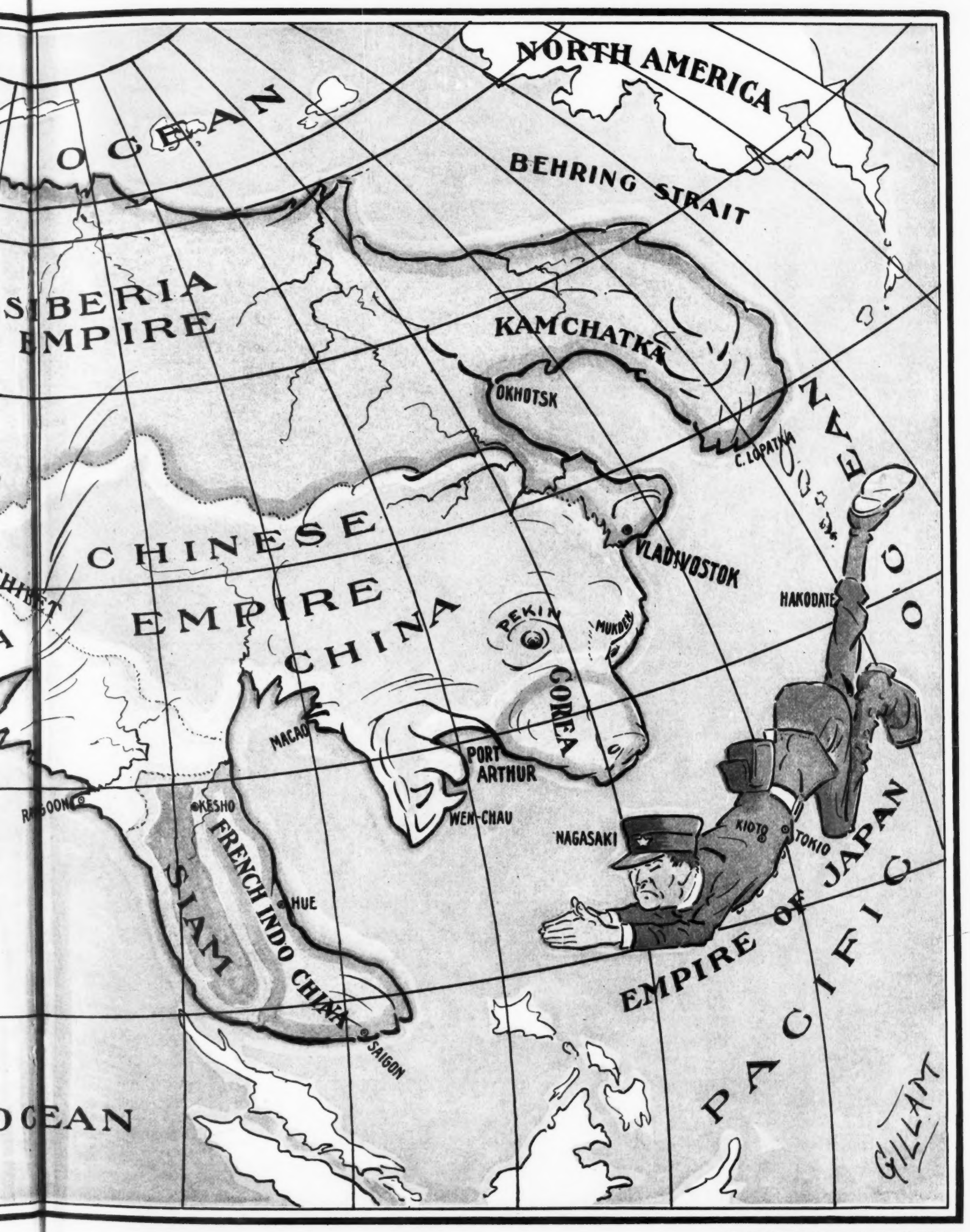
THE MAP OF ASIA, AS RUSSIA



Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co., New York.

USSIA WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT.

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

MANY a man knows where there's a lot of treasure locked up, and then discovers that he's left his bunch of keys to home.

There's one way in which my ship an' th' sea is better than your house an' th' front yard—I don't have to mow the seaweed.

A lie 's like fire—it makes a small place awful hot. Th' scandal that it causes is like its smoke—it'll smootch a whole neighborhood.

"If you could select th' strongest material in th' world to make your cable of what would you use?" a man asked me. "Mother-love," I answers.

Th' average country deacon's ideas of what true goodness consists of reminds me of th' Irishman's definition of an octogenarian. "An octogenarian," says th' Irishman, "is a man with eight toes on each foot."

AN ALTERNATIVE HINTED.

MRS. FALLON—"Good-marnin', Mrs. Toolan! Do yez t'ink we'll hov war?"
MRS. TOOLAN—"Oi don't know, Mrs. Fallon. It depinds greatly phether yez do or don't fergit to return th' flat-irons yez borrowed av me. Do yez moind?"

I knew a fisherman who had been dog poor on Cape Cod all his life, but everybody liked him. One day he ran afoul of a great lump of ambergris a-floatin' in th' bay. He sold it for thirty-eight thousand dollars an' sixty-two cents. Within a year he hadn't a friend on th' cape, an' had begun to abuse his wife. Now, why was that?

If you go to a certain museum in Holland you can still see th' scales where they weighed people accused of bein' sorcerers. If you was of a certain weight or over you was hanged; if you was of another weight or under you was burned at th' stake. Th' thing to do was to avoid bein' weighed. Same 's true about bein' talked about by some folks.

I see a scrap-book once that a hopeless maniac had made while he was locked up in an insane-asylum. As I looked at it I couldn't help but think that it was a good deal like my own memory. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all paste our recollections up all nice and methodical an' then make a ready-reference index for 'em?

EDWARD MARSHALL.

Girls is queer. I asked one one day what she was a-laughin' at. "I dunno," says she. Th' next day she was cryin' an' I asked her th' cause of that. "I dunno," says she. "Guess it's th' same thing that made me laugh yesterday."

I've seen th' sea when it was gray, deceitful, crouchin'; then it was like a cat. I've seen it roarin', rampant, terrible; then it was like a lion. I've seen it when it was dreamy, beautiful an' kind; then it was like a woman. For it was like enough to change within sixteen seconds.

How we do waste time! I know a feller that went to college, an' when he come out th' professor said with pride that that chap had a vocabulary of six thousand words. An' yet I've found out that that feller died jest because he didn't know how to say no when he was asked to have a drink.

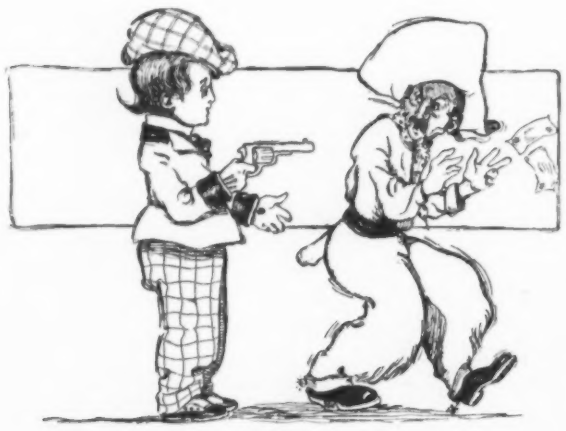
Many a commandin' officer has deserved jest about as much credit for th' battles that his troops have won; many a captain has deserved jest about as much credit for th' savin' of his ship in time of storm, as th' man who rings up th' curtain at th' theatre does for th' merit of th' play.

1.

PISTOL PETE—"Stranger, I'm sure yer wants ter buy dis yere bee-yoo-tiful cannon—only a hundred bones."

2.

PISTOL PETE—"Dat's right; I knowed ye wanted it. T'anks!"



3.

LITTLE WILLIE—"And now that I've got the gun I'll trouble you to return my hundred dollars—quick!"

4.

LITTLE WILLIE—"And I think I'll just keep the gun as a souvenir of this little adventure. On your way, there! So long!"

THE TABLES WERE TURNED ON THE BAD COWMAN.

A SPRING MORNING.

Young 'uns on de jogglin'-board,
Shoutin' en a-singin':
Swallow in de ole-time gourd
Swingin' en a-swingin'!

Mister Winter, leave dis place!
Go yo' frosty ways, suh!
Ef yo' slap Miss Springtime face,
Give yo' thirty days, suh!

Come 'long, chillun, whar de trees
Call yo' ever' minute!
Hol' yo' apern, 'twel de breeze
Blow de blossoms in it!

Ever see a day lak dis?
Not a trouble fret me!
Tell yo' whar de honey is—
Ef de bees 'll let me!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL TIRED try an Angostura Phosphate, made from Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters. At all soda fountains.

"If you refuse me I shall never love another woman."

"Does that promise stand good if I accept you?"—*Illustrated Bits.*

Increase your strength, ward off ill health—use Abbott's Angostura Bitters, the strength-giver.

"I understand he was an author even before graduation from college."

"Yes, indeed. Why, he was the author of a new college yell."—*Chicago Post.*

ORDER SOME

"Club Cocktails"

SENT HOME TODAY.

You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at dinner which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to

G. F. Heublein & Bro.,
29 Broadway, N. Y.
and Hartford, Conn.

Mahoole—"Nixt toime Oi pass wid a loidy, Mulligan, ye've got to remove yer hat!"

Mulligan—"An' suppose Oi refuse?"

Mahoole—"Thin, bedad, ye've got to remove yer coat."—*Chicago News.*

A Clear Complexion

To clear the skin of pimples, moth patches and other defects, use **Glenn's Sulphur Soap** daily for toilet purposes. It's the only fine toilet soap that contains enough pure sulphur to be a specific for skin diseases.

25c. a cake at all drug stores, or mailed on receipt of 30c. by THE C. N. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

"Did I interrupt you at an inopportune moment?" said the visitor after the eligible young man had departed.

"I'm afraid you did," replied the fair girl. "I had just asked Mr. Timmid to marry me, and your sudden entrance enabled him to say, 'I'll see you later,' and then retreat."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

If any persons still doubt the superiority of the Sohmer Piano let them try for themselves and be convinced, not only that the Sohmer *is* the best, but that it will *continue* to be the best.

Madge—"Miss Passay has volunteered to get up a booth at the Christmas bazaar and sell kisses. Isn't it awful!"

Marjorie—"Dreadful, my dear! I never thought that girl had the face to do it."—*Smart Set.*

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—the difference between it and foreign ale is all in its favor—and yours.

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Only salesroom in Greater New York.

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Fanny Footlights—"Naturally. She used to sing in a church choir."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

Look for Signature of S. ANARGYROS

"Did you ever appear in a problem play?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Last season I was doing sums with hotel-bills, time-tables and box-office statements all the time I was out."—*Washington Star.*

Kitty—"Is Constance coming to the reception to-night?"

Carrie—"I don't know for certain. When I asked her she said she couldn't, but finally she said she'd half a mind"——

Kitty—"What a girl she is to exaggerate!"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Pardon me, ladies," said the wise physician, "I am called to the court. I cannot prescribe individually for you, but don't let that worry you. I prescribe that those sitting on my left go to the seacoast, and those on my right to the mountains."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Cholly—"I weally believe I've contwacted a cold."

Miss Pepprey—"Yes?"

Cholly—"Yaas; I feel it in my head."

Miss Pepprey—"Ah! if it's in your head it must be contracted, for a fact."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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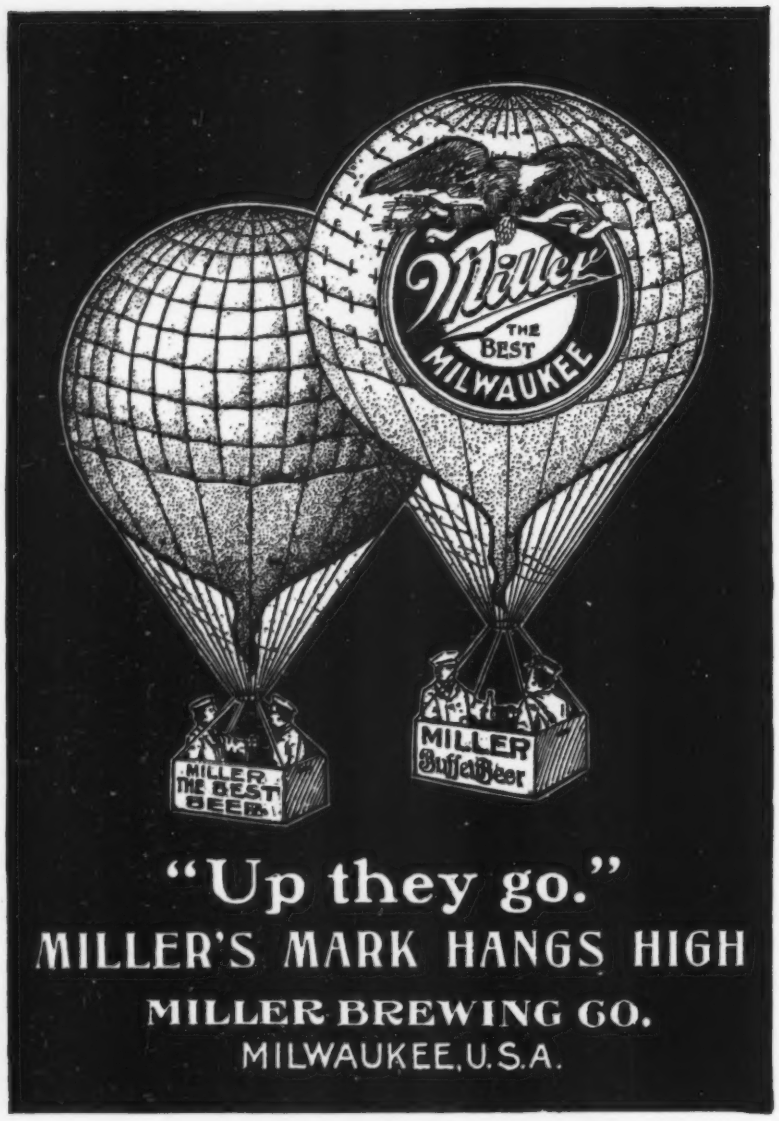

Miss Cutting—"That dog of yours seems to be remarkably intelligent."

Softleigh—"Yaws, indeed! I—aw—couldn't begin to tell you all he knows."

Miss Cutting—"No; of course not."—*New Yorker.*

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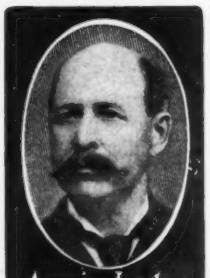

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On account of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona *en route*, at unusually low rates. A special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg on Wednesday, April 27, running via Chicago and the Santa Fe Route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday will be spent at this wonderful place, and Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of May 2. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, one double berth, and meals on special train going; and transportation only returning on regular trains via direct routes or via San Francisco, will be sold at rate of $106 from New York, $105 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and $100 from Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return at any time before June 30. Tourists returning via St. Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the World's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying $1.00 fee. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Say! Since the circus struck the town
I've been there every day;
It's jest the biggest streak of luck
That ever came my way.

First grandpa dropped around an' sez
He didn't want to go,
But s'posed there wasn't no one else
To take me to the show.

On Tuesday Uncle Jimmy came,
An' sez he didn't care
To see the thing; 'twas jest in case
I wanted to go there.

Then sister's beau came up one night;
It bored him, he had found,
But thought as p'raps I'd like to see
The elephants go 'round.

That cross old man who lives next door,
He comes an' sez to ma
He had no kids, so he would take
The circus job off pa.

When pa came home on Saturday
I heard him grumblin' that
He hated it like sin, but guessed
He'd hafter take the brat.

—*New York Sun.*

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"There comes our car. Let's go over to the corner."

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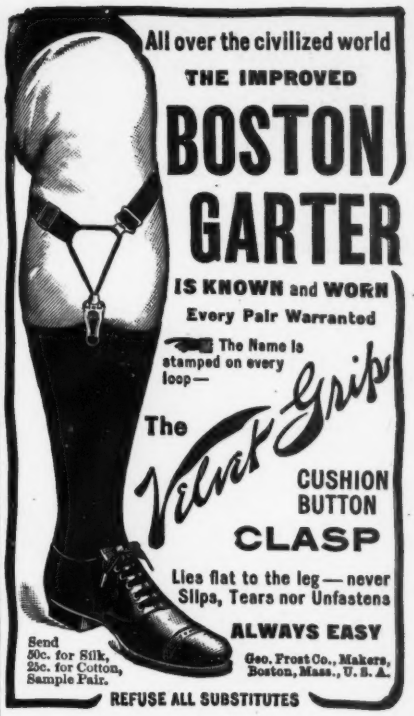

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"Dat man is allus lookin' foh work."

"Yes," said Erastus Pinkley, "dat's what he says; but he's one o' dese here people dat goes roun' wif a snow-shovel in July an' a pitchfork in January."—*Washington Star.*

THE POET AND THE PLOW.

I do not like the season
Of bird and bloom and bee.
You want to know the reason?
The farmer 's plowin' me!

Ah, what to me were Maytime,
When birds and blossoms rule,
When all the sunny daytime
I'm following—the mule?

It is against all reason,
And all poetic law—
My one song to the season,
"Gee—haw! Gee—haw! Gee—haw!"

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"How did you catch that cold?" asked the soubrette.

"A sudden change in temperature," wheezed Signor Pshucks, the eminent tragedian. "Don't you remember we were roasted where we played the day before yesterday, and struck a frost here last night?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Pa—"Well, what is it, my son?"

Little Willie—"Will my hair fall out when it gets ripe, like yours did?"—*Chicago News.*

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RAGE.

In a rainstorm a girl of renown
Insisted on going down town,
But the umbrella's leaks
Wet the bloom on her cheeks,
And it dripped down and ruined her gown.

As we've seen, the young girl was no saint,
And she lodged a most mighty complaint.
She raved and she swore
At the man in the store
For not selling her waterproof paint.

—*New York Sun.*

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"I'll admit that the eminent tragedian we have just mentioned is exceedingly irascible and sometimes indiscreet in his manifestations," said the play-goer, "but he is a fine actor."

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "he knows how to act, but he doesn't know how to behave."—*Washington Star.*

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"You are a worthy descendant of Adam," murmured the faithful squaw, as he carefully adjusted the last hundred pounds on her shoulders.

"How so?" he inquired, pausing a moment.

"You lay everything on the woman," she replied.

It is needless to state that after this jest the chief forbade the missionary ever to come around again with his biblical instruction.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"To be successful," he remarked thoughtfully, "all we have to do is to make as much of a business of our own business as we do of the things that are none of our business."—*Chicago Post.*

"Father," said the little boy, "what is reciprocity?"

"Reciprocity, my son, is an arrangement by which you undertake to give up something that you don't value very highly in exchange for something that you do."—*Washington Star.*

PERHAPS NOT.

THE LADY ARTIST—"Here at last is a spot where nature is not *disfigured* by the presence of human beings."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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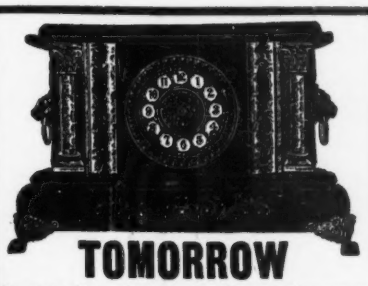

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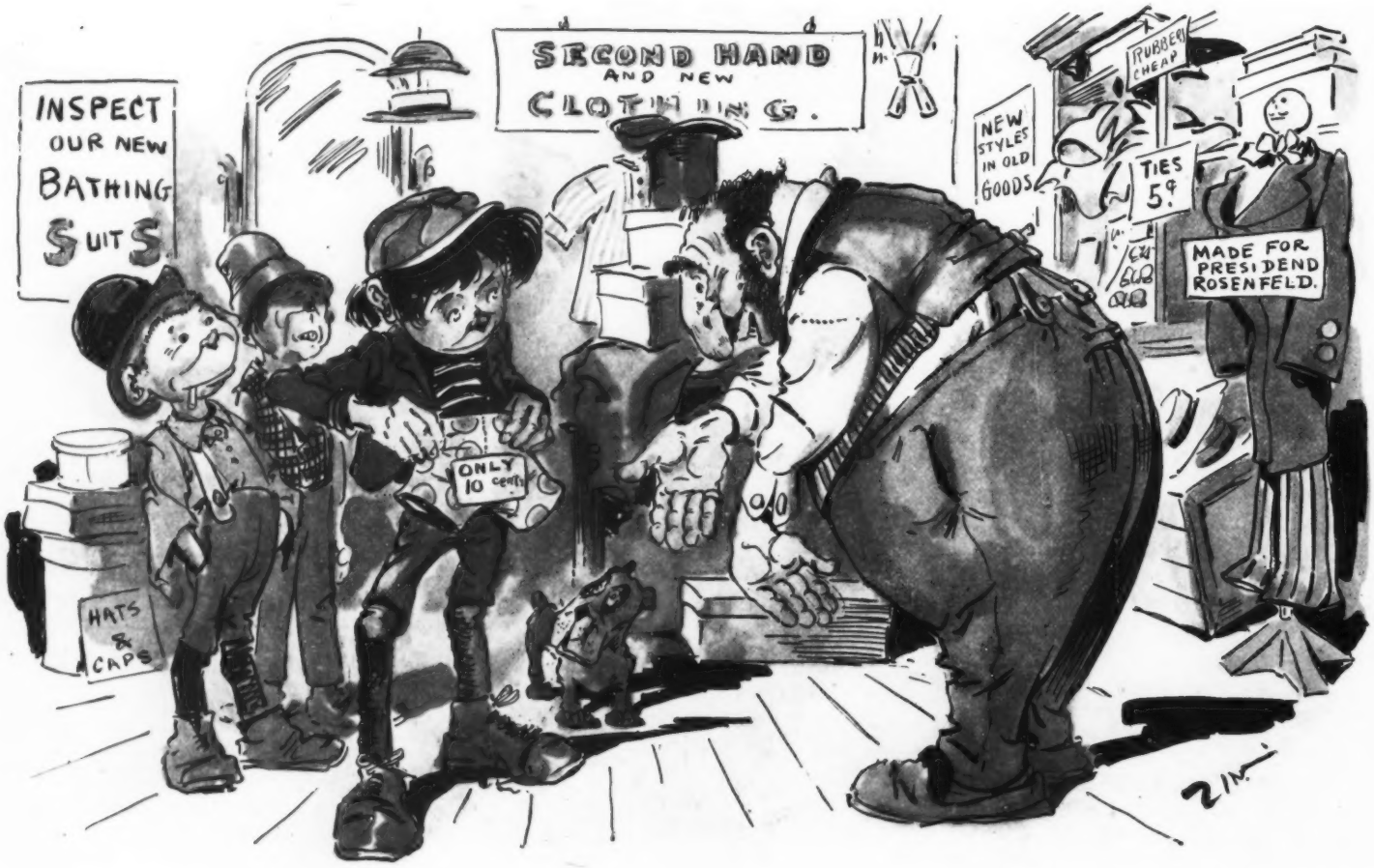
UNCLE EB—"Den let him go hungry erwhile—hit's de best tonic fo' 'weak knees.'"



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CUSTOMER—"Why de deuce didn't he take 'em if dey wuz made fer him?"

ISRAELSTEIN—"Oh, vell, you see, he gomblained dot dere vos too much material in dem, so he vent to a fruit-shtore und bought himselluf a fig-leaf."